

GARLAND,

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

- 1 The Banks of the Dte
- 2 Down the Burn Davy Love
- 3 The Shepherd
- 4 The Surprising Man.



The B A N K S of the D E E,

Tune, Langlee;

It was summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing
I lay myself down on the banks of the dee.

Flow on lovely dee, flow on thou sweet river;
Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, so valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the dee.

He's gone hapless youth, over the rude roaring billows

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willow
The loneliest maid on the banks of the dee,

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
him.

Bless peace may restore my dear shepherd to me
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch
o'er him,

he never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee
The Dee then shall show all its beauties displaying
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing
While I with my Sandy am earnestly praying
and calling again on the sweet of the dee.

Thus long the fair maid on the banks of the river
 And sweetly re-echo'd each neighboring tree;
 But, now all these hopes must evenish for ever,
 Since Sandy shall never see the banks of the dee
 On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
 In a foreign grave his body's now lying;
 While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are
 crying

For Sandy the glory and pride of the dee.

Midnap on the hand on which he was wounded;
 Midnap on the wars that call'd him away
 From a circle of friends by which he was surrounded
 Who mourn for dear Sandy the tedious day,
 Oh! poor hapless maid who mourns discontented
 The loss of a lover so justly lamented;
 By time, only time can her grief be cemented,
 And all her dull hours become cheerful and
 gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her
 mourning,

From unjust rebellion his country to free;
 He left her in hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee;
 For this he despis'd all dangers and perils;
 'Twas thus he expos'd Britannia's quarrels,
 That when he came home he might crown her with
 laurels.

The happiest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
 Though dreadful the thought must be unto me;
 He fell like brave Wolf, when the troops were
 victorious

Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree.

(20)
Ye, that he's gone, the best friend I have,
And all our fine pleasures of true happiness over,
No doubt he's happy in his party and his love,
For me he has left on the banks of the Dee.

Down the Burn Davie, Love,

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee;
By the Davy's blink, her heart did move
To seek her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And soon I'll follow thee;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And soon I'll follow thee

Now Davie did each lass surpass
Who dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.

By the Davie's blink, &c.

Her cheeks were rufy red and white,
Her eyes were bonny blue,

her looks were like the morning
her lips like dropping dew
By the burnie's margin
as fate had dealt to him a roach,
Strait to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and troth,
and a bonny bride he made her;
No more a sham'd to own her love,
I speak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
and I'll soon follow thee;
Gang down the burn Davie love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll soon follow thee.

The Shepherd.

To the Tune of, Roselin-Cestie.

BY the mountain-side reclining,
Gazing o'er the landscape round,
Flowery meads, and verdant valleys
With fertile sweets abound,
Kind indulgent nature gives us
Sweets like these that ne'er can clay,
Doubly blest would be our portion,
Could we those sweets enjoy.

Mark the rustic, gaily whistling,
 Follow'd by his faithful dog;
 And you coy and blushing maiden,
 With her ribbons just in vogue;
 Happier he than courtly nobles,
 All in folly's tinsel dress;
 Happier she than jewell'd ladies,
 With a far more peaceful breast.

Down beside yon bank of reeds;
 See! the shepherd tunes his reed;
 While his bleating lambskins round him
 Gaily gambol on the mead.
 From the crowded glaring city
 Far and distant let me dwell;
 All its blazing pomp and grandeur,
 Sweeters like these can far excell.

The Surprising Man.

Tune. A Cocker there was, &c.

There once was a man you may think it uncommon,
 But if he said true he was born of a woman;
 And though it's scarce credible, yet I've been told
 He was once a mere infant but age made him old.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down

Whene'er he was hungry he call'd for some
 meat,
 And when he cou'd get it you're sure he would eat

When thirsty he'd drink if you'd give him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

His face was the queerest that ever was seen,
 For if twas not wash'd, it seldom was quite clean,
 He shew'd most of his teeth when he laugh'd or
 did grin,
 For his mouth flood just cross 'twixt his nose and
 his chin.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
 talk'd,
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
 walk'd;

But his gait was so odd had you seen him yond burr
 For one leg or other would always be hurt.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He seldom or never could see without light,
 Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night,
 But he fell fast asleep as he lay in his bed,
 Yet has oft been awake in the morning 'tis said.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When this coward chap had a river to pass,
 If he could not get over he said where he was,
 And tho' he did seldom e'er quit the dry ground,
 Yet so great was his luck tho' he never was drown'd.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Among other strange things which befell this
 good yeoman,
 He was married poor soul!—And his wife was
 woman.

But that he was young, complacent and mild,
Yet a hard worker, for he was never without child.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

At last he fell sick, as old chroniclers tell,
And then it is said he was not very well.
But what was his work in so weak a condition,
That he could give no fee—so could get no phy-
sician.

Derry down, down, boy derry down.

When wonder he died!—But 'tis said that his
death.

Was occasioned at last by the want of his breath,
But peace to his bones, which his ashes now
moulder.

Had he lived, a day longer he'd been a day older.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

10 JUL 32

F I N I S.

